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HILD'S OWN SPEAKER

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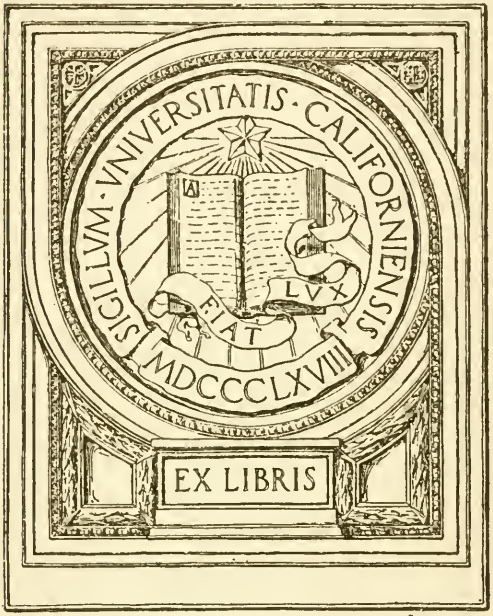
FOR CHILDREN OF SIX YEARS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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Child's Own Speaker

Composed of
Recitations, Dialogues
Motion Songs and
Tableaux for
Children of Six Years

By

E. C. and L. J. ROOK

Philadelphia
The Penn Publishing Company
1920

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God forbids it in His Book
To the child that listens.

So, my friends, I think this truth
You will now discover:
That I'm a little temperance boy—
Temperance all over.

S. S. ADVOCATE.

OUR FLAG.

I COME before you with this beautiful flag in my hand, because I am to say a few words to you about it; about our country's flag—the red, white, and blue flag of freedom. I am too young to make a long speech, but I am old enough to love our flag and to hurrah for its stars and stripes. Its thirteen stripes of red and white stand for the first thirteen States, and its thirty-eight stars mean the thirty-eight States there are now. My grandpa fought for this flag, he says—fought to keep all the thirty-eight stars in it—and he tells me I must never forget that I am a soldier's grandson, and that I must ever stand by the flag of my country.

THE LITTLE PATRIOT.

(The speaker should carry and wave a small flag.)

WAVE high our flag,
And shout "Hurrah!"
Ever obey
Our country's law!

Hurrah again
For stripes and stars,
For soldiers bold
And jolly "Tars!"

Hurrah for red
And white and blue!
And to our colors
Stand firm and true.

THOSE I LOVE.

BEST of all I love my mamma,
And I know that she loves me;
I should always try to please her,
And a very good girl be.

My papa, too, of course I love,
He does so much for me,
Then there's my darling brother—
He's just two—going on three.

And I love my little kitty
With her soft and gentle paws;
And I guess all little children
Love our dear old Santa Claus.

Oh! I hope he'll fill my stocking
When he comes to-morrow night;—
I want a dolly and a doggie,
A woolly one that cannot bite.

I love every one, I guess,
All the people I see here.
And now I'll throw a "good-bye" kiss
And go and find my mamma dear.

MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

(The speaker must have her arms filled with the toys mentioned in the piece.)

I'M five years old to-day, and I have brought my pretty birthday presents here to show them to you all.

Five times one to-day! I'm getting pretty old, but I'm glad of it. I think it is very nice to be going-on-six.

I suppose, after while, when I get to be two or three hundred, like grandma, I won't like it so well to have a birthday, but now I think it is delightful. Isn't this a beautiful doll? Mamma gave her to me this morning, and I love her dearly already. And see my ball and hoop and rope, and this nice slate and book! I think papa and mamma, and all our folks, must be very glad that I was born, because, if they were sorry, they would not give me such nice things on my birthday, would they?

And yet I am not always a good little girl! Sometimes I have been very, very naughty; but I mean to try to be, oh! so good, all this year, before another birthday comes.

FROWNS OR SMILES.

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep and cut them down
For cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh! my,
How many 'twould make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better,
A sunshiny day to take,
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—
What beautiful ones 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls,
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

THE LITTLE CLOCK.

THERE'S a neat little clock,
On its high shelf it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

May we, like the clock,
Keep a face ever bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

ROSEBUD OR THORN?

WHEN a little girl is good
And does what is right,
Then a rosebud sweet is she,
And gives mamma delight.

But when a little girl is cross,
And selfish, and bad,
Then an ugly thorn she is,
And makes mamma quite sad.

Dear little friends, which will you be—
Rosebud or thorn?
Will you give joy to your mamma,
Or will you make her mourn?

HATTIE'S VIEWS ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

OUR folks have been cleaning house—and, oh! it is just dreadful, I think! Why, a little girl might just as well have no mamma, as to have a mamma who is cleaning house. She does not have any time to 'tend to me at all. She ties her head up in an old apron, and wears an ugly old dress, and she don't look a bit pretty. Then she pulls everything out of its place, and the house looks—oh! so bad. We do not have any good dinners, either, 'cause there's no time to stop to get them ready. And I cannot find my dear Margaret that was broken a little, and the saw-dust ran out of her. Mamma said she made so much dirt that she

must be burnt up, and, oh! I'm afraid that is where she has gone. And ever so many of my playthings are lost—lost in the house-cleaning. What if they were old and broken! I loved them; so is it any wonder I think house-cleaning is a dreadful thing?

When I grow up to be a big woman, I mean never to clean house at all, but be just as dirty and happy as I can.

WHERE THEY GROW.

DOWN in the valley, deep, deep, deep,
Where little sunbeams wink and peep,
Under the grasses hiding low—
There's where the dear little violets grow.

Out in the meadow, bright, bright, bright,
Close by the clovers red and white,
With heart of gold, and a fringe of snow—
There's where the dear little daisies grow.

Up in the sycamore tree, tree, tree,
Peep—and a tiny nest you'll see,
Swung by the breezes to and fro,
There's where the dear little birdlings grow.

Up in the nursery, neat, neat, neat,
Hear the patter of wee, wee feet—
Hear little voices chirp and crow—
There's where the dear little babies grow.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way;
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see,
I'd be ashamed to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

ELSIE'S SOLILOQUY.

OH! dear. Is it any wonder I feel cross? Just see how it is raining, and I wanted to go out to gather wild flowers. Mamma says there wouldn't be any flowers if it didn't rain, and that I ought not to grumble

about it. But how can I help it? She says rain makes things grow. It doesn't make me grow, does it? Then what does, I wonder? I'm sure I'm a great deal taller now than I was last year, for mamma had to let all the tucks out of this dress. I suppose she means planted things. Well, there's all that money I planted last Fourth of July—to be sure there wasn't any rain—but I poured bushels and bushels of water on it, and not one cent came up. But what became of that money I don't know. That's the queer part of it; for when I took my little spade and uncovered the hole to see what was the matter with it, there wasn't any money there. Bill (that's the boy that lives with us) says maybe it grew the other way and came up in China. How he knows anything about it I can't tell, for I never breathed a word of it to anybody. He's an awful bad boy, and whenever he passes me he calls me "little missionary," or else he says, "Say, Elsie, has your money sprouted yet?" I told him if he didn't stop teasing me I would tell papa, and he said if I did, papa would tease me more than he did.

Oh! there! See that sunbeam! I do believe it's clearing off! I can go for my flowers after all. I wonder where my hat and basket are!

THE GUEST.

PERHAPS you have heard of Jack Frost,
Who's traveling down from the north
To give you a call,
Big folks and small,
No matter what it may cost.

He sails on an iceberg, I know;
And the wind is his captain and crew;
  And he reaches our shore
  A short time before
The beautiful lady of snow.

He's a reckless young fellow, is Jack;
He has the most wonderful knack
  Of pinching your ears
  And bringing the tears,
And giving your pitcher a crack.

He cries to the brooks, "Silence, all!"
While he holds every bubble in thrall;
  And the finest of skating
  Is surely awaiting
The boy who fears not a fall.

GOLDEN ROD.

TELL me, sunny Golden-rod,
  Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland
  And make the dress you wear?

Did you get from mines of gold
  Your bright and shining hue?
Or did the baby stars some night
  Fall down and cover you?

Or did the angels flap their wings,
  And drop their glitter down
Upon you, laughing Golden-rod,
  Your nodding head to crown?

Or are you clad in sunshine, caught
From summer's brightest day,
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?

I love you, laughing Golden-rod,
And I will try, like you,
To fill each day with deeds of cheer,
Be loving, kind, and true.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In purple looked their best.
All balanced to their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the rusty hollows
At hide-and-seek they played;

The party closed at sundown,
But everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands all round."

WINTER JEWELS.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

WINTER

OH! look at the snow, the pretty white snow,
Old winter is coming, I know, I know!

I love the winter, it makes me so glad,
I wonder if cold makes anything sad.

Poor little birdies, out in the storm,
You shiver with cold, while I'm snug and warm.

I must scatter some crumbs for you, birdies dear,
And you'll pay me with songs when summer is here.

BUNNY DID IT.

AWFUL baddest Bunny
Ever, ever knew;
Cost me lots of money
When I bought him, too.

He's a little rabbit,
Ribbon on his neck,
With a dreadful habit
Too, I do expec';

Which is, gnawing dresses
When you do not see;
Made some holes in Bessie's
Mantle—much as three.

In the baby's willow
Cab, that Bunny crept,
Gnawed into the pillow,
While our baby slept.

Sent the feathers flying
Like a storm of snow;
Nurse was most a-crying,
Bunny scared her so.

But he's done the baddest
Thing of all to-day;
Made me feel the saddest,
Spoiled my pretty play.

Gave a dinner party
To my paper dolls,
Left them eating hearty
'Cause I had some calls.

Wasn't gone a quarter
Of an hour, I know,
Maybe even shorter,
When I came back, o-h!

Wonder why I'm crying?
What you s'pose I found?
Dollies' heads all lying
Bit off, on the ground.

THE SENSES.

To be spoken with appropriate gestures.

TWO bright little eyes,
To see beautiful things;
Two quick little ears,
To hear Dick when he sings.

One queer little nose,
To smell flowers so sweet;
And one little tongue,
To taste good things to eat.

Ten fingers quite small,
To touch Pussy's soft hair,
These organs of sense
God has put in my care.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

I KNEW a little girl—
You? Oh! no—
Who came to live on earth,
Just to grow;
Just to grow up big
Like mamma,
Big as grown-up ladies
Always are;
Not to stay a baby
As she came,
Yet each morning found her
Quite the same.

Quite the same, they said,
Not a change
Since she went to bed.
Ah! how strange;
Baby Nell at night,
Baby Nell at morn,
Everything the same,
Not a dimple gone.
They saw her every hour;
So you'll own,
If a change had come,
They'd have known.

Yet the clothes grew small—
Bibs and frocks;
Couldn't wear her shoes,
Nor her socks.

Then, as years went on,
Seven, maybe,
Not a soul could call
Nell a baby.
Still mamma declared,
Every minute,
She had been the same—
What was in it?

She saw her all the time;
So you'll own,
If a change had happened
She'd have known.
Baby Nell herself,
Though uncommon wise,
Ne'er had seen an inch
Added to her size.
Even Pomp, the dog,
Never barked to say,
"Nell is not the same
Now as yesterday."

Yet, as I have said,
Clothes kept growing small,
Tight at first, and then
Wouldn't do at all.
Even Nelly's toys,
Skipping-rope, and hoop,
Once quite big enough,
Now would make her stoop.
Why, her very crib
Seemed to shrink away,
Till it cramped the child
Any way she lay.

So, from day to day,
Not a person knew,
Looking straight at Nell,
That she ever grew.
Little baby Nell
On the nurse's knee,
Baby Nell at school,
Learning A B C.

How did it happen?
When did she change?
No one had noticed.
Wasn't it strange?
Show me when a bud
Changes to a rose,
Then I'll tell you truly
When a baby grows.

MR. TONGUE.

MY friend, Mr. Tongue,
He lives in my mouth,
He's red as a rose,
And as warm as the South.
He has not a foot,
But how quickly he goes,
My little friend Tongue,
As red as a rose.

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

TEN true friends you have,
Who, five in a row,
Upon either side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you're fed.

They wake up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps,
And haul at your sled;
Are in summer quite white
And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants,
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

THE GUNNER AND THE BIRD.

A LITTLE bird sat in a cherry tree,
Singing its song of chink, chink, chee;
A man came by with a dog and gun
And shot the birdie, just for fun;
At least that's all he had to say,
When on the ground the birdie lay
With a broken wing and a hole in its side;
It fluttered and squeaked and then it died,
And sister and I just stood and cried.

I'd rather be a dog or a cat,
Or the meanest kind of a big gray rat,
Than an ugly man with a dog and gun,
Who shot a birdie just for fun.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

ONE rainy morning,
Just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped
On my new Noah's ark.

I crushed an elephant,
  Smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel
  Clean in two.

I finished the wolf
  Without half trying,
Then the wild hyena
  And roaring lion.

I knocked down Ham
  And Japhet too,
And cracked the legs
  Of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides,
  Two pigs and a donkey,
A Polar bear,
  Opossum, and monkey.

Also the lions,
  Tigers, and cats,
And dromedaries,
  And tiny rats.

There wasn't a thing
  That didn't feel,
Sooner or later,
  The weight of my heel.

I felt as grand
  As grand could be—
But, oh! the whipping
  My mamma gave me!

THE MENAGERIE.

WALK in, walk in to the great show,
'Twill cost you but a dime;
And if the cash you chance to lack,
Just pay some other time.

Ours is the greatest show on earth!
(They all say that, you know;)
We've elephants and kangaroos,
A deer and buffalo.

We have an ostrich, too, of course,
And a big grizzly bear,
And as for tigers—well, of them
We have a handsome pair.

Here are our monster elephants
(Rover and Frisk, you know),
One of our goats we call a deer,
And one a buffalo.

My rabbits are the kangaroos
And Mary's cat the bear;
Her little kittens, we pretend,
Are tigers—a fierce pair.

The ostrich is my little hen,
And, oh! but she ran fast
When for the show we wanted her,
But she was caught at last.

Come now, walk in to the grand show;
'Twill cost you but ten cents.
(A piece of tin, you know, we mean,
Because 'tis all pretense.)

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

SEE! I'm making patchwork,
I dearly love to sew;
Just watch my thumb and fingers,
See how fast they go.

This quilt is for my dolly,
I have it nearly done;
Mamma calls it work to sew,
While I just think it's fun.

Sometimes my thread gets knotted,
Or my needle won't go through;
That makes me cross, then mamma comes
And shows me what to do.

She calls me "little seamstress,"
And says, when I get tall,
That my own dresses I can mend
Without her help at all.

Well, there! I guess I'll fold this up!
It must be time to go;
Do you think that I feel proud
'Cause I know how to sew?

THE BIRD THAT SINGS.

YOU dear little birdie, who taught you to sing
Among the green branches and blossoms of spring?
I wish you would tell me, for then, don't you see,
I'd ask the same person to try to teach me.

I wonder, whenever I hear you, if you
Have to sit in a tree for an hour or two,
And practice your dear little twitter and trill,
When it is so dreadfully hard to keep still.

When you want to play in the sunshine all day,
Does somebody hold up a finger and say
So solemnly: "Now, little bluebird, stay so,
And carefully practice your do, re, mi, do"?

Do you have to learn about octaves and thirds?
And chords and arpeggios and other hard words?
And those terrible scales! Why, of all that I do,
I think them the hardest to practice, don't you?

Well, however you do, I am sure of one thing,
That I have to practice before I can sing.
And with all I may learn, and the best I can do,
I never shall sing, little birdie, like you.

THE SECRET.

I KNOW something, but I sha'n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell,
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell,
And by-and-by when the birdies are old—
Oh! dear me; I've gone and told.

KITTY.

I HAVE a little kitty,
I stroke her soft fur;
She likes that, I know,
For she softly says—purr.

But Tom, my big brother,
Just for fun—I'll allow—
Will pull kitty's tail,
Then she sharply cries—meow!

KITTY AND I.

MY little kitty's been so bad
I don't know what to do;
I'll tell you everything she did,
If you will hear me through.

You see that scratch upon my hand?
Well, kitty put it there
Because I tried to wash her face,
And brush and comb her hair.

You know I'm learning how to knit
Well, kitty found my lace
And she tore it all to pieces—
And now I'm in disgrace—

For mamma said 'twas all my fault,
Because I left it where
My kittie's little paws could reach
In grandma's big arm-chair.

But that's not all my kitty did;
This morn I filled a cup
With nice sweet milk for Snowflake,
And kitty lapped it up

Before poor Snowflake had a chance
Even to wet her tongue;
Now, wasn't that quite greedy,
And very, very wrong?

I'm saving all her punishments
Until next Wednesday week—
Suppose they saved my punishments,
And sent them in a heap.

At one year's close where would I be?
In prison, I suppose;
Or, they might make each punishment
A dinner lost—who knows?

Fifty-two dinners, all at once!
That would be hard to do;
But I'd rather do without them
Than eat them—wouldn't you?

KITTY DIDN'T MEAN TO.

JOANNA scolds my Kitty every day;
I'm filled with grief.
Just now to Mary Ann I heard her say,
"That cat's a thief!"
Poor Kit! you did not wish for milk to-day,
But wanted meat.
You took a little bit from off the tray,
And, with your feet,
A glass of water, standing in the way,
You tumbled down;
And just for this you had to bear all day
Joanna's frown.
I think that Miss Joanna must be seen to,
For, Kitty, I am sure you didn't mean to.

PARTNERSHIP.

(A little girl addresses the mother of her pet kitten.)

YOU need not be looking around at me so;
She's my kitten as much as your kitten, you know;
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she's a goose;
I'm not squeezing her—look, now! my hands are quite loose,
And she may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And you may as well get right down and go 'way!
You're not in the play we are going to play,
And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—and so soon!
In the morning she's yours, and mine all afternoon,
And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen right off, if you do?
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

EDDIE VISITS THE BARBER.

(To be spoken by a boy with long curls.)

I'M dreadfully tired of having my hair
Put up in papers to curl—
With every one saying, "Dear me! I declare!
Just look at that sweet little girl!"

So I want you to cut it as quick as you can,
And cut it as short as you can,
And then, Mr. Barber, the folks, don't you see,
Will think I am almost a man.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

WHEN I am big, what do you think
I'll have the first thing then?
Now if I give you guesses three,
You'll have to guess again.

Why, I shall have a splendid house,
All rich men do, I s'pose,
With carpets fine, and pictures too,
And lots of things like those.

And in the very nicest room,
I'll have the nicest chair,
And sitting in it, smiling sweet,
The nicest woman—there!

She's pretty, but it isn't that—
She is so good, she'll shame
The bad right out of a fellow's heart,
And Mother is her name.

ALMOST A MAN.

I DON'T wear dresses any more—
See my coat and breeches,
Cuffs and collar, pockets too,
Made with many stitches.
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella, and a cane.
No more kilts and skirts for me,
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dresses,
And my other baby clothes,
Give away my horse with rockers,
I want one that really goes.
But two nice goats I guess will do,
And I want a carriage too;
No more chairs hitched up for me,
I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture books
To little sister Mary;
I'll go to school, and learn to read
In the big dictionary;
Or maybe in a g'ography,
Or 'rithmetic, or history;
They're just about the size for me,
For I'm a big boy, don't you see?

MAY'S FLOWERS.

SEE what a heap of flowers I have,
They're in my hat—look here!
I gathered them myself, to-day,
For my own mamma dear.

I think she'll like them very much,
And I know what she'll say.
She'll say—"Why, these are very sweet,
Thank you, my little May."

MOTHER'S CHILDREN.

MY mother's almost crazy,
Her children are so bad;
And great big sister Daisy
Does make her dreadful sad,
So she says.

And Daisy is an awful girl,
Her nice new frock she tord;
And 'cause she had her hair to curl,
Why she—why she just roared
Yesterday.

When baby cried and mother said,
"Go rock dear little Clare,"
She put crumbs in his cradle-spread,
And chew-gum in his hair,
T' other day.

Guess I'm sometimes awful too,
'Course I am, I know;
But what's a little girl to do
When she don't want to sew,
'Cause she can't?

She's got to cry, be cross too,
When she's so small as me;
That's all the way she has to do,
When she's tired—don't you see?
'Course you do.

When I'm really good and nice
Through all the great long day,
Papa calls me "Pearl of Price,"
And mother's glad to say,
"She was good."

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

THERE'S a queer little house,
And it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls,
The children all run.
While under her roof
They are cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after it,
Happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep
In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors—
The roof has no shingles,
The rooms have no floors—
No fire-places, chimneys,
Nor stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Funny house is all true,
I have seen it myself,
And I think you have, too.

You can see it to-day,
If you watch the old hen,
When her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

A QUESTION.

(The speaker must have a large orange or apple in his hand.)

NOW shall I eat it all myself?
'Tis mine, of course I may.
Yes; I may eat it all myself,
Or give it all away.

Now, shall I eat it all myself?
'Tis not too much for one;
And if I give it all away,
Why then I shall have none.

I will not eat it all myself
Nor give it all away,
But every one shall have a share
Who comes with me to play.

LONG AGO.

MANY, many years ago,
Grandma lived—she told me so—
In a great big house, she said;
And she slept upon a bed
Tall and high—so big, almost

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In it children might be lost.
Round the house sweet flowers grew,
Herbs, too—thyme and sage and rue.

High-backed chairs, a queer old spinnet,
Fire-place, with great logs within it,
Tables, too, with spider-legs;
Cups and saucers thin as eggs;
Spinning-wheel that spun their thread,
These were in the house, she said.

Grandma wore a flowered gown,
And a little hat tied down;
Shoes with red rosettes she wore;
Open was her gown before,
Showed a skirt of quilted stuff;
Then she was dressed quite fine enough.
All these things to church she wore,
But at school a pinafore.

Grandma called her teacher "Dame,"
Wasn't that a funny name?
Folks then traveled in a stage,
And it seemed to take an age
Just to go a little way;
Now, it wouldn't take a day.

Grandma says: "My, how times change
Now-a-days thing seems so strange!"
Will it seem as strange to me
When I am as old as she?
Will I tell grandchildren so?
Will they call this "long ago"?

NAMING THE BABY.

YOU have birds in a cage,
And you've beautiful flowers,
But you haven't at your house
What we have at ours.
'Tis the prettiest thing
That you ever did see,
Just as dear and as precious,
As precious can be.

'Tis my own baby sister,
Just seven days old;
And too little for any
But grown folks to hold.
Oh! I know you would love her;
She's as fresh as a rose,
And she has such a queer
Tiny bit of a nose;
And the dearest and loveliest
Pink little toes,
Which seem, I tell mother,
Only made to be kissed,
And she keeps her wee hand
Doubled up in a fist.
She is quite without hair,
But she has beautiful eyes;
She always looks pretty—
Except when she cries.

And what name we shall give her
There's no one can tell;

For my father says Sarah,
And mother likes Belle.
And my great-uncle John—
He's an old-fashioned man-
Wants her named for his wife
Who is dead—Mary Ann.

But the name I have chosen
The darling to call,
Is a name that is prettier
Far than them all.
And to give it to baby
My heart is quite set;
It is: Violet Mabel
Rose Stella Marzette.

BESSIE'S LETTER.

(By a little girl holding a letter in her hand.)

I HAVE got a letter,
A letter all my own,
It has my name upon it,
Miss Bessie L. Stone.

My papa sent it to me,
He's away from home—you see!
I guess the postman wondered
Who Bessie Stone could be.

I'd like to send an answer,
But I don't know how to spell,
I'll get mamma to do it,
And that will do as well.

THE BITE.

"GIVE me a piece of your candy!"
Said little Will to May;
And mamma, sewing near them,
Heard her little daughter say:

"Of course I will, dear brother,
Because it isn't right
To be selfish with my candy,
So you may take a bite."

And then the little maiden,
Who could so generous be,
Held forth the tempting candy,
Which Will eyed wistfully.

Then with a roguish glance around,
He bent his head, and quick
Bit off by far the biggest end
Of May's nice candy stick.

Poor May a moment silent stood,
Tears started down her cheek,
One glance she gave at what was left,
But not a word could speak.

Then suddenly with some new thought
May's big blue eyes grew bright;
"O Will!" she said, "you take the stick,
I'd rather have the bite."

I'LL TRY AND I CAN'T.

THE little boy who says "I'll try,"
Will climb to the hill top.
The little boy who says "I can't,"
Will at the bottom stop.

"I'll try" does great things every day;
"I can't" gets nothing done;
Be sure then that you say "I'll try,"
And let "I can't" alone.

THE "I CAN'T" ARMY.

OH! dear. What a troublesome set of children the "I can'ts" are! Their mothers have to button their shoes, and brush their hair, and find their mittens, and do all such little things for them, that they might learn to do for themselves, if they would only try. The "I Can'ts" do not want to learn anything. Their teachers have to coax them to allow their lessons to be pushed into their minds. They stop at every hard place and whine "I can't go on," and have to be helped, or there they would stay forever. Now, do you suppose the "I Can'ts" will ever make the world any better or happier for their being in it? No, of course they will not; and if any one among us even suspects that he belongs to the army of "I Cant's," let him at once desert and join the ranks of the "I'll Try's."

PRAISE OF THE CAT.

OUR Tabby, she is very wise,
And also very nice;
But I must say that I despise
Her way of catching mice.
Now, if I was a cat,
I wouldn't do that.

She lies with head so low and meek,
Between her paws of silk,
But then she has such thievish ways
Of lapping at the milk.
Now, if I was a cat,
I wouldn't do that.

'Tis well enough to know your strength,
But she abuses power;
And worries at a mouse the length,
Sometimes, of half an hour.
Now, if I was a cat,
I wouldn't do that.

Her coat is modest, sober gray,
Set off with jetty spots;
But then she has such sloven ways
Of rubbing on the pots.
Now, if I was a cat,
I wouldn't do that.

The fur is soft upon her breast
As froth upon the pail;

But then to match against the rest
She has an ugly tail.
Now, if I was a cat,
I wouldn't have that.

TWO LITTLE OLD DAMES.

TWO little old dames I know,
I wonder what their names are!
Natty and bright,
And very polite,
These two little funny old dames are.

And sharp enough too, are they,
You'll say so when you have seen them,
Although it is said
They have but one head,
And but one little eye between them.

These two little dames are poor,
One's simply made of tin, dears;
I'm sure that you know
Them; isn't it so?
Miss Needle and Miss Pin, dears.

OUT IN THE MEADOW.

WHAT do you think I saw to-day
Out in the meadow bright?
It tripped along on four little feet,
In a coat all woolly and white.

I said, "Good morning, you pretty thing!"
And it raised its gentle head,
As if it wanted to chat awhile,
But "ba-a-ba-a" was all it said.

What do you think I led with me,
Blue-eyed, dimpled, and sweet?
It hardly bent the daisies down
With two little toddling feet.

She chattered and laughed at woolly-back,
She patted his little head;
But he talked almost as well as she,
For "ma-ma" was all she said.

JACK GREY.

I'VE a story to tell
Of naughty Jack Grey,
Who on mischief is bent,
The whole livelong day.

He will meddle with things
He's been told not to touch;
He's a liking for "sweets,"
Cake, sugar, and such.

And he'll get what he likes,
In an underhand way;
He even will steal things,
O naughty Jack Grey!

He's a very bad temper,
And when angry will take
And smash all he can reach,
And has strength to break.

Then out of all reach
Away Jack will run,
To escape being whipped
For the mischief he's done.

But though he's so bad,
Jack Grey is my joy!
He's my monkey, you know—
Did you think 'twas a boy?

KITTY'S WISH.

"I WISH I were a cat,"
Said Kitty Brown one day,
"For then I need not work at all,
But only sleep and play."

This naughty wish was heard
By mamma, sitting near;
Who said: "Well, you may be a cat
For just one day, my dear."

So Kitty dropped her work,
And quickly hurried out
Into the sunshine, glad and gay,
With merry laugh and shout.

But soon she had a fall,
Which cut and hurt her arm;
Then into mamma's room she ran
With loud cries of alarm.

But mamma only said:
"Cats must not come in here,"
And turned poor Kitty out again
Without one word of cheer.

Now Kitty thought this hard,
But soon forgot her pain
In merry play, till dinner time,
Then in she ran again.

"I am so hungry," she began,
And took her usual seat
At table—but her mamma said:
"Cats go out doors to eat."

She took a bowl of milk
And placed it by the door;
"There, Kitty, go and drink your milk,
You can have nothing more."

Yet this was not the worst
That Kitty had to bear;
For, seeing mamma dressed to ride,
She begged the ride to share.

But mamma looked quite stern
And said: "What? take a cat?
No, no; Miss Kitty, that's too much—
I couldn't think of that."

And so poor Kitty found
A cat's life not all bright.
A rather wiser child was she
Ere time to say "Good-night."

When she was robed for bed,
And knelt by mamma's side,
"I want to be—not kitty cat—
But Kitty girl," she cried.

Then mamma stroked her hair,
And took her on her knee,
And comforted her sorry child—
Kissing her tenderly.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

(Little Mary addresses her doll, which is seated in a chair.)

WELL, little girl, you wish to come to school, do you? I hope you are a very good girl and will not give me any trouble. What is your name? Lucy, is it? Well, Lucy, do you know your letters? Can you read and spell and write? You don't know anything, eh? How shocking! Well, then, I will try to teach you how to spell your name the first thing, because every little girl, when she is as big as you, ought to know how to spell her name. Lucy—that's an easy name to spell. Now say "L"—you can remember that if you'll just think of "Aunt El.;" then "U"—u, remember, not me—that's L-U. Next comes "C"—that's what you do with your eyes, you know—"C." L-U-C, and the last is "Y," that's easy—"Y." Why, of course! And now you have it all!—L (for Aunt

El.)-U (not me)-C (with your eyes)-and Y (why, of course)—Lucy.

That is very good. You'll soon be a good scholar, I see! Now you may take a recess.

GRACE AND DOLLY.

NOW, Dolly, listen to me,
'Tis time for me to go;
I must be off to school, dear,
Life has its cares, you know.

I'll put you in this big chair,
And you are to sit still,
And be quite good, till I come back;
Now promise me you will.

When I come home, I'll dress you,
And take you out to ride.
I hate to leave you—but I must,
So please be satisfied.

Good-bye, my darling Dolly,
Good-bye till I come home.
If you get lonely, go to sleep,
And sleep until I come.

BEST OF THE DOLLIES.

WHICH of my dollies do I love best?
This is Miss Georgia Geneva West.
Look at her collar—Valenciennes lace!
She is a duchess; they call her "Your Grace!"

Her jewels are diamonds, Papa calls them paste.
Oh! she's got up in such exquisite taste!
But, Miss Georgia Anna Geneva West,
You are not the dolly that I love best.

This is the handsomest dolly of all;
See, she's all dressed for the great fancy ball!
Her dress is real satin; just feel it and see;
Aunt sent her from Paris on purpose for me.

Real jet black hair, with a bandeau of pearls;
Don't they look beautiful over her curls?
I know that my favorite you think you have guessed,
But she's not the one that I love the best.

This is the china baby doll;
Don't you think she's the sweetest of all?
Bright blue eyes and the rosiest lips;
She wears the cunningest baby slips.

Muslin clear starched, with a beautiful gloss,
Pink coral necklace, anchor and cross.
Oh! she's the daintiest, darlingest pet!
But then there's another I love better yet.

Where is black Topsy, the old woolen doll?
Out on the pavement where Bess let her fall
Out of the fifth-story window, I think,
But then it won't hurt her; she don't even wink

She's dressed in green calico, apron, and cap;
She never gets broken, nor cares for a rap;
She is my comfort above all the rest;
And really and truly, I love her the best!

KATE ALLYN.

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

OUR doll-baby show it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the land.
Each girl brought her own, in its prettiest dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize.
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size;
Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces—a wonderful sight.

Now there was one dolly so tall, and so proud,
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not make fine birds.

We sat in a row with our dolls in our laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.
No boys were admitted—for boys will make fun:
Now which do you think was the dolly that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee had met;
We were the committee; and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink?

Why each of us said that her own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest drest;
So we all got the prize. We'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

GEORGE COOPER

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'M 'vited to the wedding,
And have to make a dress,
I want a lot of 'lusion,
A hundred yards, I guess—
I think I'll make it "princess,"
I couldn't wear it plain,
It's very fashionable
To have a plaited train.

It's Rosa Burdock's wedding,
To-morrow, just at three,
In Mamie Turnbull's garden
Under the apple-tree;
The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge,
He wears a sword and plume,
To show that he's a soldier—
It's stylish, I presume.

We made some sugar-water,
And Mamie's got a cake;
I never saw such good ones
As her mamma can make.
She puts on plenty frosting
And lots of sugar plums—
I guess we'll have the 'freshments
Before the min'ster comes.

We've got to pick some dandelines,
To make a chain and ring—
Louise will play the jew's-harp,
And Mamie and I will sing;

We'll have to say the 'sponses,
They couldn't if they tried—
But Rosa is so el'gant
She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel
Against a piece of board,
Or maybe he can stand up,
By leaning on his sword.
Come now, this is to-morrow,
Let's get our hats and shawls,
Bring June and Zephyrine,
And all the other dolls.

KATE ALLYN.

DAMARIS BROWN.

DAMARIS BROWN is a wooden doll—
Three inches round and ten inches tall;
Her cheeks are chubby, her nose is flat,
And very old-fashioned her Leghorn hat;
Her gown is of calico, apple-green,
Her slippers the queerest ever were seen;
She wears an apron that once was white,
And the children call her a perfect fright.

Damaris Brown was my grandma's doll—
Three inches round and ten inches tall—
A perfect beauty, my grandma thought,
When with her savings the doll she bought,
At number twenty, Commercial Row,
On Grandma's birthday, so long ago;
"Too pretty to play with," said grandma dear,
So she laid her away with loving care.

Grandma remembers the story well,
Often and often I've heard her tell
How she kissed her, and how she sighed;
Alas! she sacrificed love to pride;
Wrapped her in tissue paper soft,
Turning and peeping, oft and oft;
That was how she was handed down
From grandma to me—Damaris Brown.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

GOOD COMPANY.

"I'LL try" is a soldier,
"I will" is a king:
Be sure they are near
When the school bells ring.

When school days are over,
And boys are men,
"I'll try" and "I will"
Are good friends then.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

TO KRISS.

JOLLY old Kriss, what a fellow you are!
Riding all over the world in the air,
Sliding down chimneys through ashes and smoke;
Fur-covered Kriss, you're a regular joke.

How do you manage to carry such loads?
How do you manage to keep the right roads?
How do you know all the good girls and boys?
Why don't we wake, with your clatter and noise?

How can you guess what we all would like best?
How can you please all the birds in the nest?
Kriss, don't you ever get mixed on the toys,
And fill the girls' stockings with playthings for boys?

Oh! what a hurry you have to be in
As soon as your labors of Christmas begin!
What are you doing the rest of the year?
Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little reindeer.

Oh! how I'd like to know true if you look
Jolly and fat, like the one in the book;
I'd keep awake, but I know that you stay,
When children are watching, quite out of the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round with a whirl,
Don't forget Bessie, the washwoman's girl;
Bring something pretty, for last year, you know
That was a chimney where you didn't go.

How does it happen you like the rich best,
Giving them much, and forgetting the rest?
Kriss, that's all wrong, and it isn't the way;
All should be equal on Santa Claus' day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I'm afraid you'll be mad·
I was just joking; don't put me down bad.
If Bessie's ma's chimney is crooked or small,
Never mind going to Bessie's at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them with mine,
Tied with a separate paper and twine.
As soon as it's day, poor, sick Bessie I'll see,
And give her the package you leave here with me.

CORN.

THERE is a plant you often see
In gardens and in fields;
Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit when young, is soft and white,
And closely wrapped in green,
And tassels hang from every ear,
Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
The fruit is ripe and old;
It peeps from out the wrapping dry,
Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit, when young, we boil and roast,
When old, we grind it well.
Now think of all the plants you know,
And try its name to tell.

THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

I'M fond of the good old apple-tree;
A very good-natured friend is he,
For knock at his door whene'er you may
He's always something to give away.

Shake him in winter: on all below
He'll send down a shower of feathery snow;
And when the spring sun is shining bright,
He'll fling down blossoms pink and white.

And when the summer comes so warm,
He shelters the little birds safe from harm.
Shake him in autumn, he will not fail
To send you down apples thick as hail.

Therefore, it cannot a wonder be
That we sing hurrah for the apple-tree!

TOMMY'S ARMY.

I'VE got two hundred soldiers,
An army brave and true;
And some are dressed in blue and red,
And some in white and blue.
I put them in the window-seat,
And make them drill in line;
March, march, stiff as starch—
Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along;
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

There are fifty little clean white tents,
And half a dozen forts,
And twenty bright brass cannon,
And all of different sorts.
I put them in the window-seat,
And don't they look just fine!

March, march, stiff as starch—
  Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

I'd like to be a soldier,
  And wear the red and blue;
I suppose the shots don't hurt as much
  As people say they do.
My soldiers do not mind the peas,
  Although they hit so strong,
And when they fall I pick them up
  And make them march along.
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

IN THE CLOSET.

THEY'VE taken away the ball,
  Oh! dear;
And I'll never get it back,
  I fear;
And now they've gone away,
And left me here to stay
All alone the livelong day
  In here.

It was my ball, anyway—
  Not his;
For he never had a ball
  Like this.

Such a coward you'll not see,
E'en should you live to be
Old as Deuteronomy,
As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball,
And somehow it hit his head;
Then his nose it went and bled,
And as if I'd killed him dead
He did bawl.

Nursey said I was a horrid
Little wretch,
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch;
And cook, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said: "Indeed, she niver had
Seen setch!"

No, I never, never will
Be good!
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood!
I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be!
Then they'll never call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting!
Let me see—

I wonder what they're going to have
For tea!
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely potted ham.
How unfortunate I am—
Dear me!

Oh! it's growing very dark
In here,
And the shadow in that corner
Looks so queer!
Won't they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright;
Oh! dear.

Mother, darling, will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack!
Hark! Yes, 'tis her voice I hear!
Now good-bye to every fear,
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack'

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is it?—it can't be you!

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child:
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy—
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdies' nest:
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is, a girl I know—
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain;
That surely isn't you!

CHERRY TIME.

I WATCHED the dear little blossoms,
So pretty and white and sweet,
Till they all fell down in a shower,
Like snow about my feet.

Then there were cunningest marbles
Of softest, shiniest green,
Peeping out through the cherry-leaves,
The prettiest ever seen.

And then good old Mother Nature
Looked at the sun and said:
'You hurry and paint these cherries
The brightest, rosiest red."

I tried to see when he did it,
But couldn't, a single one,
For I never awoke in the morning
Till all his work was done.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

THE SWEETEST PLACE.

A MEADOW for the little lambs,
A honey-hive for bees;
And pretty nests for singing birds
Among the leafy trees.
There's rest for all the little ones,
In one place or another;
But who has half so sweet a place
As baby with her mother?

The little chickens cuddle close
Beneath the old hen's wing;
"Peep! peep!" they say, "we're not afraid
Of dark or any thing."
So safe and snug, they nestle there,
The one beside the other;
But safer, happier by far,
Is baby with her mother.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

A LITTLE SONG.

SING a song of summer-time
Coming by and by,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky;
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing.
Blackbirds, yellowbirds,
Robins and the wrens,
All coming home again
When the winter ends.

Sing a song of summer-time,
Coming very soon,
With the beauty of the May,
The glory of the June.
Now the busy farmer toils,
Intent on crops and money.
Now the velvet bees are out
Hunting after honey.
Well they know the flowery nooks
Bathed in sunshine mellow,
Where the morning-glories are,
And roses pink and yellow.

YOUTH'S COMPANION

SUMMER GAMES.

"PRETTY birds, pretty birds, what do you play,
Flying about in the leafy spray?"
"Little maid, little man, can't you guess?
Every one comes in a tidy dress;
Every one cheerfully keeps the rule;
We merry birds are playing school."

"Butterflies winging from rose to rose,
What are you playing? There's no one knows."
"Little maid, little man, oh! 'tis fun,
Roaming and sporting till set of sun;
Roses and lilies so white and neat,
'Mong these we play at hide and seek."

"Gay breezes, tossing the leaves about,
What are you playing at when you're out?"
"Little maid, little man, come and see;
Here we go racing from tree to tree;
Oh! it is jolly, we never flag,
This is our merriest game of tag."

"Grasshoppers, out in the meadow so sweet,
What do you play with your nimble feet?"
"Little maid, little man, one, two three;
Hipperty, hopperty, can't catch me!
Oh! such a merry, delightful game!
Hop-scotch you young folks call its name."

GEO. COOPER.

DANDELION.

THERE'S a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow·
In yellow, with an overcoat of green·
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the spring-time, bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather
The gypsy fire-flies camp;
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

Spick and spandy, little dandy;
Golden dancer in the dell!
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well.

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And with hair all white and flowing
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee,
They shake him without warning—
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.

O poor dandy! once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Bald head dandy now is he.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

DAISY TIME.

DAISY time has come again—
Daisies, sweet and bright,
Turn their round white faces up
To meet and kiss the light.

Daisies play bo-peep with you
At every fence you pass;
Steal into your garden-beds,
And creep into your grass.

Daisies on the hillside;
Daisies on the plain;
Throng so close, one can but think
The snow is there again!

Strolling through the meadow,
Scattered by the brook;
Daisies, daisies everywhere,
Whichever way you look!

FLETA FORRESTER.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

BOOKS.

MY little speech, dear friends, to-night,
Is all about some books;
You think my subject very dry,
I know it by your looks.

But if you'll listen to my speech,
Tho' 'twill take scarce a minute
For everything I have to say,
You'll find there's something in it.

The book I hold before you now
Is full of people's faces,

Who stay quite quiet in one spot,
Nor ever leave their places.

I know a book that papa keeps—
His check-book—way down town;
If mamma asks to tear a leaf,
He sometimes gives a frown.

Then there are pretty picture books,
In which I like to look;
And there is one I fairly hate—
The horrid spelling book.

The dictionary has hard words,
But it's a useful book;
And mamma has a book to teach
Our Bridget how to cook.

Now just one more I have to show,
Please, everybody, look;
It is the one we all love well,
The precious pocket-book.

E. J. GOODFELLOW.

HARRY'S DOG.

HARRY has a little dog,
Such a cunning fellow!
With a very shaggy coat,
Streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog has shining eyes,
And a nose so funny!

Harry wouldn't sell his dog
For a mint of money.

Harry's dog will never bark,
Never bite a stranger;
So he'd be of no account
Where there's any danger.

Harry has a little dog,
Such a cunning fellow!
But his dog is made of wood
Painted white and yellow.

THE DICKEY-BIRD.

DICKEY-BIRD baby
In the nest sleeps,
Dickey-bird mother
Watch o'er it keeps;
Dickey-bird father
Is the bread-winner;
See him fly home
With worms for a dinner.

THE BEST BEAUTY.

I KNOW a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me.

For he's rude and cross and selfish
If he cannot have his way,
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he.
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And that you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty
If its owner's kind and true,
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

WHO WAS SHE?

I WAS going down the walk,
So pleasant, cool, and shady;
Right in the middle of the path
I met a little lady.

I made to her my sweetest bow;
  She only walked on faster.
I smiled, and said: "Good-morning, ma'am!"
  The moment that I passed her.

She never noticed me at all;
  I really felt quite slighted;
I thought: "I'll follow you—I will—
  Altho' I'm not invited."

Perhaps you think me very rude,
  But then, she looked so funny—
From head to foot all dressed in fur,
  This summer day so sunny.

She didn't mind the heat at all,
  But wrapped the fur around her,
And hurried on, as if to say,
"I'll 'tend to my own gown, sir!"

I followed her the whole way home;
  Her home was in my garden
Beneath my choicest vines—and yet,
  She never asked my pardon.

I never heard her speak a word;
  But once I heard the miller,
Coming down the sidewalk, say:
"There goes Miss Caterpillar!"

WORK AND PLAY.

"DEAR me! Dear me!"
Buzzed a little bee;
"I'm always making honey,
No time to play,
But work all day;
Isn't it very funny,
Very, very funny?"

"Oh! my. Oh! my,"
Hummed a little fly,
"I'm always eating honey,
And yet I play
All the day;
Isn't it very funny,
Very, very funny?"

A MODEL TEA PARTY.

I'M going to have a party—
A real kettle-drum!
Nurse says a sure success 'twill be,
For every one will come.
The Duchess in her satin blue,
Miss Rose and Mrs. Brown,
And many other ladies, too,
Who live about the town.

When mamma has a party,
I'm sure it causes us
More trouble far than pleasure,
And such a dreadful fuss!

For one is out, and one is ill,
And one is gone away;
And everybody seems to be
Engaged upon that day.

And even when the ladies come,
It always seems to me
That something happens to disturb
The pleasure of the tea.
Miss So-and-So has got a cold,
And doesn't choose to sing,
Or Mrs. Somebody forgets
Her music-book to bring.

But when I have a party,
Then everything goes right;
The ladies always come in time—
'Tis quite a charming sight;
They sing the songs that I desire,
The tunes I like they play,
And then the instant that I tire
They rise and go away.

We shall have tea and coffee,
And cakes and buttered bun,
And chocolate and muffins, too—
It will be splendid fun;
The kettle never fails to boil,
The tea is sure to be
Exactly suited to the taste
Of all who visit me.

Now would you know the reason
Why everything goes well

When I have got a party?
It is not hard to tell—
'Tis this: I always take good care,
Whenever I "receive,"
No real ladies to invite,
But only make-believe.

M. H. F. Donn

EDNA'S BIRTHDAY.

OH! this is a happy, beautiful world!
My heart is so light and gay—
The birds in the tree
Sing blithely to me,
And I'm six years old to-day.

Yes, six; and father has bought me a book,
And mother the sweetest doll,
All dressed in white,
With blue eyes bright,
And the nicest hat and shawl.

My kitty sat quietly near the fire
As Dolly and I came by;
Miss Dolly bowed,
And pussy meowed,
And opened her yellow eye.

Ah! me; if pussy could only talk,
And Dolly could but chat,
We'd social be
As any three—
Talk, sing, and all of that.

I dressed all up in grandma's cap,
And put on her glasses, too,
"Why, Grandma," I said,
And I held up my head,
"I'm almost as old as you."

My mother softly kissed my cheek,
And then she blessed me, too,
Praying that I,
As years went by,
Might be ever as good and true.

My birthnight song is a merry one,
And my heart is warm and light;
Kind papa and mamma,
And dear grandma,
Sweet dolly, and kitty, good-night.

A BOY'S OPINION.

THE girls may have their dollies,
Made of china or of wax;
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket-saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud;

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king;
I've work enough to do.

NELL'S LETTER.

DEAR Grandma, I will try to write
A very little letter.
If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover;
He likes to see me very much,
But is afraid of Rover.

I have a dove as white as snow,
I call her "Polly Feather,"
She flies and hops about the yard
In every kind of weather.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And singing very loudly;
While our old peacock struts about,
And shows his feathers proudly.

I think I'll close my letter now,
I've nothing more to tell;
Please answer soon, and come to see
Your loving little Nell.

LITTLE FLO'S LETTER.

A SWEET little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted him brought to table,
That he might eat and grow.
"He must wait for a while," said mother,
In answer to her plea;
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat, like you and me."

"Why hasn't baby teeth, mother?"
Asked Flo in great surprise.
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny!
No teeth, but nose and eyes!
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like Grandma's?
I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper, pen, and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do, it'll 'sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, mother,
To send away to-night;
And 'cause it's very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in Heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"

Said little Flo to her mother,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To "God" by little Flo:

"Dear God, the baby you've brought us
Is awfully nice and sweet,
But because you've forgot his 'toofies,'
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A' purpose to let you know,
Please come and finish baby.
That's all.
From little Flo."

BABY LOGIC.

SHE was ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marion, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in,
Exclaimed, in a tone of surprise,
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot;—
"Now, don't you suppose
That the good Lord knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

WHAT THE LAMBS SAY.

SAID the little shepherdess,
"Many wise folks cannot guess
What the lambs say when they cry,
Or what the old sheep do reply."
"Can you tell?" I asked. "O, yes!"
Said the little shepherdess.
"All the young lambs say, 'Ma-a! ma-a!'
All the old sheep answer, 'Ba-a!'

"If a stranger comes this way,
Or the young ones, in their play,
From their tender mothers stray,
And go searching all around
Every stone and bushy mound,
Then the young lambs cry, 'Ma-a! ma-a!'
But their mothers answer, 'Ba-a!'
Just to shame them when they cry;
Silly lambs, to be so shy!"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

DON'T TELL.

WHEN my big dolly gave a ball
Of course I had to bake—
I know you'd never guess at all
Just how I made the cake!
Don't tell—I took the powder-box
From mamma's dressing-case—
You know there's one that never locks,
And has a frill of lace.

Into this flour I put cologne
For flavoring—don't tell!
Then took a button-hook—my own—
And mixed it very well.
I slipped it in the kitchen range,
And cook, she never saw;
But what to me seemed very strange,
The dough, when baked, was raw.

My dolly seemed to think it fine,
And so I gave her some,
With an egg-cup full of lovely wine—
My papa's best bay rum.
The supper-table, after all,
I think looked very well;
And now I've told you 'bout the ball,
But don't you ever tell!

EVA BEST.

THE QUEER SCHOLARS.

THE sun was shining softly,
The day was calm and cool,
When forty-five frog scholars met
Down by a shady pool—
For little frogs like little folk,
Are always sent to school.

The master, perched upon a stone,
Besought them to be quick
In answering his questions,
Or else (his voice was thick)
They knew well what would happen,
He pointed to his stick.

Their lessons seemed the strangest things,
They learnt that grapes were sour;
They said that four and twenty days
Exactly made an hour;
That bricks were made of houses,
And corn was made of flour.

That six times one was ninety-five,
And "yes" meant "no" or "nay,"
They always spent to-morrow
Before they spent to-day;
While each commenced the alphabet
With "z" instead of "a!"

As soon as school was over
The master said, "No noise!
Now go and play at leap-frog,"
(The game a frog enjoys),
"And mind that you behave yourselves,
And don't throw stones at boys!"

THE STRANGER.

"NO one can tell,"
Said little Nell,
"What our baby tries to say,
She's just come down
Into our town,
And they don't know
Heaven-talk out our way."

PHILANDER JOHNSON

FASTIDIOUS.

"I'D like to play with your kitty," he said,
As he stood with his hands at his back;
"But I don't want to get my dress dirty, you know,
And I'm afraid she'd rub off, 'cause she's black!"

HARRIET B. STERLING.

A MISTAKE.

SAID the needle, "I've swallowed a thread,"
And forthwith he set up a cry;
But the pin on the cushion, she laughingly said,
"Now surely, that's all in your eye."

MRS. J. T. GREENLEAF.

TALKING TO DOLLY.

WELL, Dolly, what are you saying,
When you blink and wink your eyes?
I'm sure your thoughts are straying,
For you look so very wise.

I wonder what you think about,
And why you never talk;
And how it is you never shout,
And never try to walk.

I wonder if you're ever sad
And if you ever weep;

I wonder if you're ever glad
When I rock you off to sleep.

I wonder if you love me well—
As well as I love you.
I do so wish you'd try and tell;
Come, Dolly, darling, do!

WRITING TO GRANDMA.

A small child seated at a table, with pen, ink, and paper before her.

DEAR GRANDMA:
I am writing you a letter
With mamma's pen and ink;
She left them on the table here,
I guess she didn't think
That I was big enough to climb
In her big chair and write;
But I thought I'd just 'sprise you
With a letter sweet to-night;
I know, when you have read it,
The very words you'll say—
"Why, bless the little darling,
I'll send her a doll this day."

SPRING COMES.

SPRING is coming! Everywhere
There is fragrance in the air;
Violets throw forth their scent,
Making sweet these days of Lent.

Daisies open wide their eyes,
Laughing to the smiling skies;
While amid the last year's leaves
Her bright way arbutus cleaves.

See, she comes for whom we long!
Let us welcome her with song;
Call on every living thing;
Let us greet and hail sweet Spring!

APRIL SHOWERS.

THERE fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, in the garden-bed,
The crocuses stood straight and gold:
"And they have come," the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, thro' the woodland spread
The mayflowers, pink and sweet as youth:
"And they are come," the children said.

There fell an April shower, one night:
Next morning, sweetly, overhead,
The blue-birds sung, the blue-birds sung:
"And they have come," the children said.

M. E. WILKINS.

MOTION RECITATIONS.

HELPING MAMMA.

(For several little girls.)

WHAT can we do to help mamma,
Who has so much to do?
These little hands can surely find (1)
Some way to help her through.

What can we do to help mamma,
When she must sweep and clean?
With dusting-cloth and brush we'll dust, (2)
Till not a speck is seen.

What can we do to help mamma,
When she is ironing clothes?
We'll iron the handkerchiefs and towels, (3)
And little things like those.

What can we do to help mamma,
When she lies down to rest?
To keep quite still, and speak quite low, (4)
We'll try our very best.

If thus we try to help mamma,
While we are children small, (5)
We'll surely find ourselves of use
When we are grown up tall. (6)

1. Extend both hands in front, palms uppermost, wrists slightly elevated.

2. Extend right arm, with closed hand, and make motion of dusting from left to right.

3. Extend right arm, hand held as though grasping an iron, and make motion of ironing from right to left.

4. Raise forefinger of right hand, then place it upon the lips, lowering voice.

5. Right hand extending downward, with back of hand uppermost.

6. Right hand extended upward, with back of hand uppermost.

All motions slow and deliberate.

THE FARMER.

(For several boys.)

THIS is the way the happy farmer (1)
Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed, (2)
Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain (3)
When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus, (5)
And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward as though holding a plow.

2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag or basket, and scattering with the right hand.

3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe.

4. Arms curved and extending forward.

5. Hands as though grasping a flail. Strike with some force.

6. Erect position, arms folded, or hands on the hips.

AN EXERCISE RECITATION.

THIS is the top of my little head,
And these two are my ears;
This is my forehead, these my eyes—
Sometimes they're full of tears.

This is my nose, and these my cheeks,
And here's my mouth between;
These are my teeth, and this is my tongue,
And here is my little chin.

These are my shoulders, square and straight,
And this my neck so round;
These are my arms, and these my hands,
Just see me turn them around.

And here within my little breast
Is placed my beating heart,
To act as engine—giving life
To every other part.

CONCERT PIECES.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

(For four little girls.)

All.—WE are four little girls,
Who play we are flowers
Gathered into a bunch
From sweet scented bowers.

First Girl.—I am a little daisy,
Second Girl.— And I'm a violet,
Third Girl.—My name is wild rose,
Fourth Girl.— And mine, mignonette.

First Girl.—I have chosen the daisy,
Which means innocence;
May my life be as pure,
Without sham or pretense.

Second Girl.—The violet's a modest flower,
And I will aim to be
Like to my chosen blossom
In sweet humility.

Third Girl.—Wild rose blooms so freely,
No favor she shows.
May I be as gracious
As my chosen rose.

Fourth Girl.—My flower, mignonette,
Though not gayly attired,
Is so sweet that by all
She is greatly admired.

First Girl.—The innocent daisy,
Second Girl.—The modest violet,
Third Girl.—The gracious wild rose,
Fourth Girl.—The sweet mignonette.

All.—When together we're bunched
In a pretty bouquet,
Should give pleasure to all
Who come in our way.

WE LITTLE BOYS.

IF older boys can make a speech,
We little boys can too,
And though we may not say so much,
Yet we've a word for you.

This earth is large and full of room,
There is a place for all;
The rich, the poor, the wise, the good,
The large as well as small.

So give the little ones a chance
To show off what they know;
And shun us not because we're small,
For little boys will grow.

a Drew Pearson Prediction

LITTLE HELPERS.

(A concert recitation for several boys and an equal number of girls.)

Boys.—

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy—
Sure there is work for us all
Helping papa.

Girls.—

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed;

Taking good care of the baby—
Watching her lest she should fall.
We little children are busy—
Oh! there is work for us all
Helping mamma.

Boys and Girls.—
Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better,
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come at their call,
Children should love to be busy—
There is much work for us all,
Helping papa and mamma.

MOTION SONGS.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

(A motion song for several little girls.)

TUNE.—Here we go Round the Mulberry Bush.

(*Enter children, carrying dolls, and singing.*)

HERE we come with our dollies dear,
Dollies dear,
Dollies dear,
Here we come with our dollies dear,
And we're their little mothers.
(*All bow as they sing the last line.*)

(*Caressing the dolls.*)
This is the way we love our dolls,
Love our dolls,
Love our dolls,
This is the way we love our dolls,
When they are good and gentle.

(*Shaking the head and forefinger at the dolls.*)
This is the way we scold our dolls,
Scold our dolls,
Scold our dolls,
This is the way we scold our dolls
When they are very naughty.

(*Holding the hem of the doll's dress, and making the motion of sewing, as with needle and thread.*)
This is the way we mend their clothes,
Mend their clothes,
Mend their clothes,
This is the way we mend their clothes,
When they have torn and ripped them.

(*Making the motion as of combing the hair.*)
This is the way we comb their hair,
Comb their hair,
Comb their hair,
This is the way we comb their hair,
To make them neat and pretty.

(*Walking up and down.*)
This is the way we carry them,
Carry them,
Carry them,
This is the way we carry them,
When we go out to visit.

(*Holding the dolls in their arms as if rocking them to sleep.*)

This is the way we sing to them,
Sing to them,
Sing to them,
This is the way we sing to them,
When they are tired and sleepy.

(*Laying them down on the floor at their feet and bending over them.*)

This is the way we lay them down,
Lay them down,
Lay them down,
This is the way we lay them down
To sleep until the morning.

(*Taking them up and kissing them.*)

This is the way we take them up,
Take them up,
Take them up,
This is the way we take them up,
And kiss them in the morning.

(*Little girls giving the dolls' hands a shake toward the audience at the word good-bye.*)

And now we think we'll say "good-bye,"
Say "good-bye,"
Say "good-bye;"
And now we think we'll say "good-bye,"
As we are tired of singing.

DIALOGUES.

THE DEAD BIRD.

(For two girls—Grace and Lou.)

Grace (*holding a bird in her hand*).—

Lou.—O LOU! see here, my birdie's dead!
Your birdie dead? How sad!

Grace.—Yes; see how stiff and cold he is!
It makes me feel so bad.

Lou.—Poor little Dick! What ailed him, Grace?

Grace.—I'm sure I cannot tell;
His death was very sudden;
I tried to make him well.
He wouldn't sing this morning,
Then I knew he must be sick,
And so I whispered to myself,
"I'll try to cure poor Dick."

Lou.—Did you give him nasty medicine,
To take the pain away?

Grace.—Oh! yes; a dose of castor-oil,
That mamma bought one day,
And then I took her handkerchief
And bound it round his head,
And put a plaster on his back,
And tucked him in my bed.

Lou.—Well, that's the way my mamma does
When I get very sick.
I think it's very strange, indeed,
It did not cure poor Dick.

Grace.—And so do I; but since he's dead
I tell you what we'll do;
We'll have a little funeral,
Just birdie, I, and you.

Lou.—Shall I go and dig his grave
Under the apple-tree?
Grace.—Yes; and then we'll bury him
This afternoon at three.

THE DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

CHARACTERS.

(Mattie—who is the doctor, matron, and nurse—a little girl nine or ten years old. Sarah. Emma. Lidie. Ella. and Jean, very small children.)

SCENE.—A room with several dolls lying around on chairs, tables, etc. A little girl seated with dolls in her lap.

Mattie.—Do you want to know who I am, and why all these dolls are here? This is the "Dolls' Hospital," and I am the matron, the nurse, and the doctor. All the little girls who have sick dolls bring them here, and I take care of them. It's a nice play, and we have lots of fun. There goes the bell now! Another baby, I suppose, or one of the mothers coming to see how her sick child is getting along. [*Jean enters.*] Good afternoon, Mrs. Martin, you've come to see Nellie, I suppose? [*Picks up a doll.*] Here she is, almost as well as ever. You would never know her arm had been broken.

Jean (*taking the doll*).—My darling baby: How sweet you look! Can I take her home, doctor?

Mattie.—No; not until next Thursday at three o'clock. She is not strong enough yet to leave the hospital.

Jean.—How can I do without her so long? I miss her so much; but she is in good hands, I know, and I will try to be patient [*handing back the doll*]. Good-bye, doctor, don't forget to send in your bill.

Mattie.—No danger of that.

[*Enter Emma, carrying a doll whose face is covered with a veil.*]

Emma.—Is this the "Dolls' Hospital"?

Mattie.—Yes; madam.

Emma.—Is the doctor in?

Mattie.—Yes; the doctor, the matron, and the nurse are all in. What can I do for you?

Emma.—My baby has the small-pox, and I have brought her here to see if you can cure her.

Mattie (*taking the doll and removing its veil*).—Small-pox? That's dreadful! But I'll see what I can do for her. Leave her here for a few days, then call again.

Emma.—Perhaps she will die.

Mattie.—We have never lost a case yet.

Emma.—Will her face be marked?

Mattie.—No; we doctors use something called butter that takes away all spots and marks, and leaves the skin as clean and white as my hand.

Emma.—How glad I am I brought her here.

Mattie.—I will put her in bed now; I am very busy to-day. Good morning! Call next Thursday at three.

Emma.—Be a good girl, dear; mamma will come back. Good-bye, doctor.

Sarah (*entering in great haste, with a doll's body in one hand and the head in the other*).—My baby's met with a terrible accident, doctor, and I'm afraid she's dead; but I've brought her right here because I've heard you make such wonderful cures.

Mattie (*taking the body and head*).—Ah! I see. She's lost her head. That's nothing uncommon! People often lose their heads now-a-days.

Sarah.—Can you put her together again, and make her whole and well?

Mattie.—I've cured worse cases than this, madam; so you need not be worried about your child. Stick-a-line is what she needs.

Sarah.—Stick-a-line? O doctor! don't whip her. She's too little to be whipped!

Mattie.—You don't understand me, madam. That's a Latin word. Stick-a-line will make her stick together, and that's what you want, isn't it?

Sarah.—Of course, it is! My, how much you know.

Mattie.—Yes; and I must charge for my knowledge. Your baby will cost you five hundred dollars.

Sarah.—Oh! that's all right. I'll pay you as soon as I sell my old rags.

Mattie.—You can have your child next Thursday, at three o'clock.

Sarah.—Very well; I'll send the carriage for her at that time. Good-day.

Mattie (*sitting down*).—Well, this hospital will soon be too small, if things go on in this way. I wonder when I'll get time to rest! Where is that baby that broke its leg. Oh! here she is. [*Picking it up.*] There goes that bell again! No time to attend to you now, baby. [*Enter Ella and Lidie, the latter carrying a doll.*]

Mattie.—Good-morning, ladies. Pleasant day.

Ella and Lidie.—Yes; very.

Lidie.—This little girl has cut her arm, and we want you to look at it.

Ella.—We think it is a very bad cut.

Mattie (*taking hold of doll's arm*).—So it is! So it is! See how the saw-dust—blood, I mean—is running out. She must have cut an artery. How did it happen?

Lidie.—Her mamma poked the scissors into her! Will she bleed to death?

Mattie.—No; you have brought her just in time. I'll have to put some stitches in it right away.

Ella.—Oh! that is dreadful! I'm her mother, and I can't stay to see you do it. I know I should faint.

Lidie.—Well, you go home. I'll hold her, doctor. Come here to auntie, darling; don't cry.

Mattie (*taking a needle and thread and sewing up a rip in the doll's arm while she talks*).—What a brave little girl she is! She must have some candy when this is done.

Lidie.—What big stitches you take.

Mattie.—The longer they are, the longer they'll last. There! That op-e-ra-tion's over.

Lidie.—And she never shed a tear. She's auntie's little soldier.

Mattie.—Suppose you leave her here a few days; she looks quite pale. The nurse will take care of her, and will give her back in a few days with cheeks as red as your own.

Lidie.—I don't like to leave her, but I suppose I must. When shall I call for her?

Mattie.—Next Thursday at three P. M. [*Exit Lidie.*]

Mattie (*looking at the dolls*).—My! what a lot of

dolls! How I wish they were all mine. What a splendid big family I'd have. [*Sits down and takes two or three dolls in her arms.*] I'll play with them, anyhow, until their mammas come, but that won't be long, for here they come now. [*Rises and puts the dolls down. All the little girls enter together.*]

Jean.—This is Thursday, doctor, and I've come for my baby. [*Several voices. So have I! So have I!*]

Mattie.—Be quiet, ladies, be quiet. You can all take your babies home. The hospital didn't pay, and so it's broken up, and I think I'll next start a boarding-school for very young children. Now, pick up your dollies and march with me to the dining-room, where mamma says we will find some ice-cream and cake.

(*All march out, Mattie taking the lead.*)

BOYS AND GIRLS.

(For one boy and one girl.)

Boy.—GIRLS play with dollies;
Girl.—Boys play with tops;
Boy.—A girl loves to jump the rope;
Girl.—A boy skips and hops.

Boy.—Girls play with dishes;
Girl.—Boys play with balls;
Boy.—A girl loves to sew dolls' clothes;
Girl.—A boy shouts and calls.

Boy.—Girls love story books;
Girl.—So do boys, too;
Both.—Then let us play together,
That's the way to do.

TABLEAUX.

You Can't Find Me.

A chair with a large shawl carelessly arranged over it. A child's smiling face peeping out from behind the drapery, while its body is hidden. One hand holds the drapery aside from the face.

The Match-Boy.

A small boy in ragged jacket, and old hat pushed back from his forehead, holding a large package under his arm, and some boxes of matches in his extended hand. A little girl handsomely dressed, with open pocket-book in hand and a pitying look on her face is holding a coin ready to give to the boy.

Dolly's Doctor.

A little girl seated with a doll on her lap. A doll's baby-coach or cradle stands beside her. A boy with high silk hat and long coat touching the floor, with watch in one hand, is holding the wrist of the doll as if feeling its pulse. A caba stands on the floor beside him.

Raise the Gates.

Two small girls with hands joined and raised as in the game. A still smaller child is about passing under the "gates." His hands are clasped behind him, and one foot is raised on tip-toe. His back is toward the audience, and his head stretched a little forward.

Tired Out.

A child asleep in a large chair. One arm thrown over the arm of the chair; the other in his lap, having just loosened his hold of a picture-book, which lies open on his knee. His mouth is a little open, and his head drooped carelessly forward.

Putting the Children to Bed.

A toy bedstead in which are placed two or three dolls. A little girl bending over the bed, with her hand in position for tucking in the bed-clothes.

Sunshine or Shower.

Three little girls with laughing faces are huddled closely together under a large, dilapidated umbrella. The umbrella, held open behind them, forms the background of the picture.

Dressed for the Party.

Little girl in party dress, with fan partly open in her hand, is looking backward over her shoulder. Little boy, also in party dress, is holding a bouquet toward the girl.

The Young Artist.

A small boy holding a large slate, on which is partly drawn with chalk a ludicrous outline of a little girl. Standing near the boy is a little girl with the solemn look of importance on her face befitting the occasion of having her portrait made. The boy holds his crayon on the unfinished picture, and he is looking intently at the girl as if studying his subject.

Entertainment Books

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This collection comprises over 100 selections consisting of Recitations, Motion Songs, Concert Pieces, Dialogues, and Tableaux. Most of them have been written specially for this book and are quite unique and novel in their arrangement. The subjects are such as delight the infantile mind, and the language, while thoroughly childlike, is not childish. Only such pieces have been used as contain some thought worthy of being remembered.

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The book comprises 100 pages of choice pieces in prose and verse adapted to childhood. It contains a number of bright and attractive Recitations, Motion Songs, Concert Recitations, Holiday Exercises, and stirring Temperance and Patriotic Pieces. All the selections are new, a number of them being specially written for this work, and others appearing for the first time in book form.

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